

Saturday Magazine.

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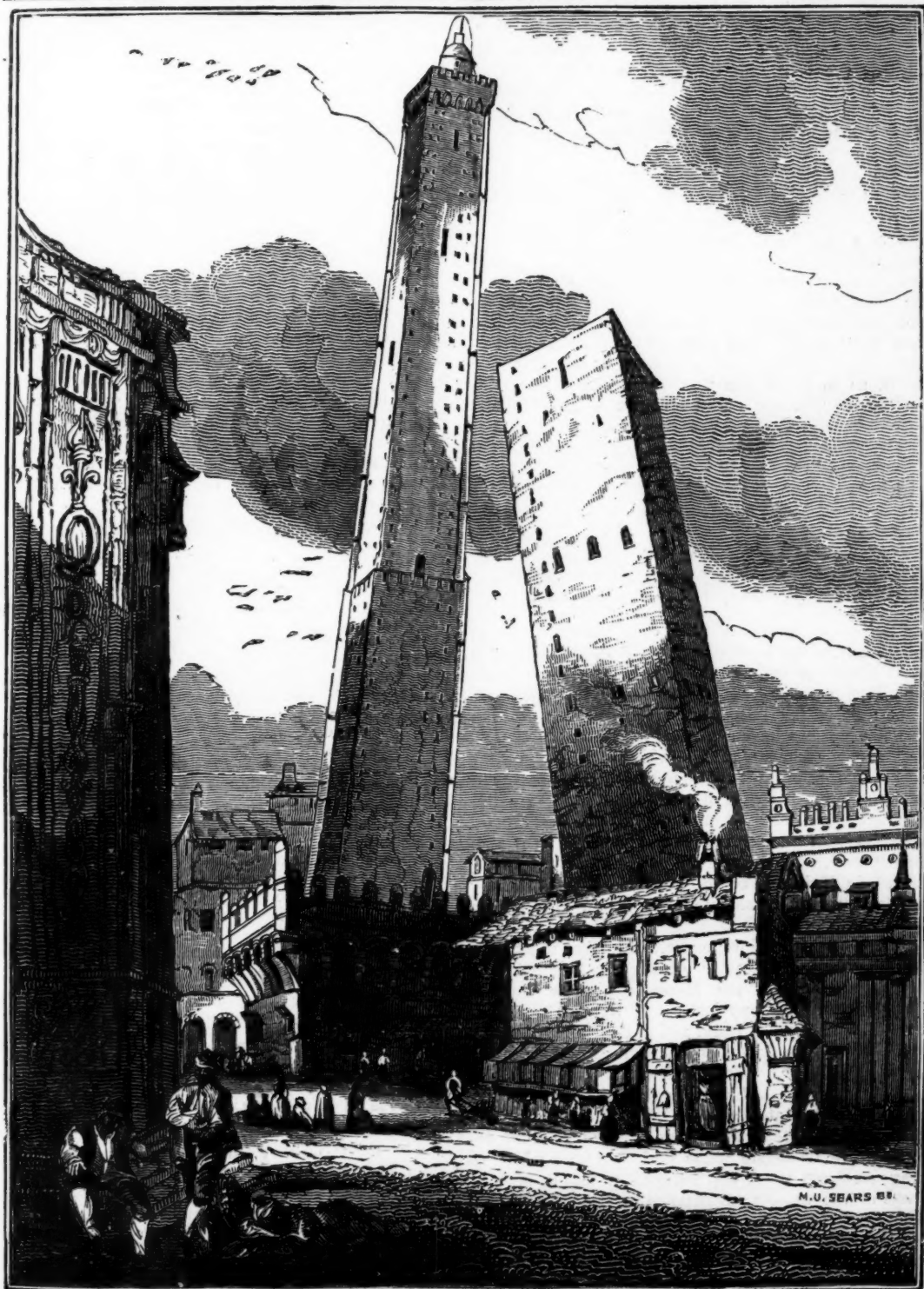
MARCH



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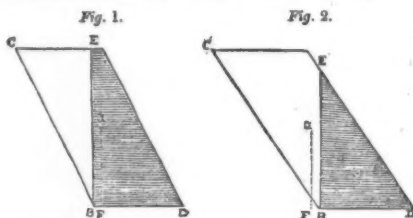
PRICE
ONE PENNY.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.



LEANING TOWERS.

THESE curious specimens of architecture afford, perhaps, the most striking and remarkable examples in existence of that important principle of the laws of gravitation, "that a body will be supported, or will stand, provided that its line of direction falls within its base;" that is to say, in common phrase, provided it keeps its balance. It is almost superfluous to observe, that the converse of this principle is equally true, "that a body will fall if its line of direction falls without its base;" in other words, if it lose its balance. In order to understand the meaning and the reason of this, it will be necessary to remember, that the attraction of gravitation, or tendency to fall towards the centre of the earth, acts *equally on all parts* of the same body, and that, consequently, there is a point in every body, around which, in every direction, it acts equally. On this point the body may be said to be balanced; this is the centre of gravity, *a*, fig. 1; and a line drawn from it towards the centre of the earth, passing through the base, or lowest side of the body, is the line of direction *a. r.* fig. 1; if, therefore, this line fall within the base, the centre of gravity is supported by the base, and the body is balanced, for the attraction of the dark part, *b d e*, which is supported by the base, has more tendency to keep the body standing than that of the light part *b c e*, which is unsupported by the base, has to incline, or pull it down; but if, as in fig. 2, the line of direction falls without the base, where *a* is the centre of gravity, and



a. r. the line of direction, it is clear that there being more parts of the body unsupported by the base than those which are supported, or *b c e* being larger than *b d e*, the attraction of the greater part will overcome that of the lesser, and that the body will not be balanced, but have a greater tendency to fall than to stand. Perhaps the following explanation may make this important rule more intelligible. The power of all the forces of the attraction of gravitation acting on *different parts* of a body, is exactly equal to that of *one force* acting on the centre of gravity *only*. If, therefore, this point be supported, the whole body will be supported, and this can only be the case when the line of direction falls within the base.

It has been found by experiment, that most lofty buildings of any antiquity are slightly inclined from the perpendicular; the Monument, near London Bridge, is one of many instances; but the Towers at Bologna and Pisa, in Italy, and at Caerphilly, Bridgenorth, and Corfe Castle, in our own country, are the most remarkable. We are indebted to that elegant periodical work, the *Landscape Annual*, for a beautiful view of those at Bologna. They were probably erected by private families, for the purposes of defence in the desperate feuds and civil wars which so long desolated Italy, and rendered buildings such as these of the utmost importance to their possessors. The small republics of Lombardy were continually at war with each other, or with the Emperors of Germany; every city was divided into the two furious factions of Guefs and Ghibellines, (or the parties of

the Pope and the Emperor); and every street, and frequently every family, was "divided against itself" by the quarrels of the nobles,—the Montagues and Capulets of their day;—and every man's house was indeed his castle, but in a very different sense from that, which, thanks to our reformed religion, free institutions, and advanced state of civilization, these words now convey to English ears. The taller of the two, that of the Asinelli, was built A. D. 1109; its height has been variously stated at 350, 377, and 307 feet, and its inclination at a few inches, and at 3 feet and a half. It has no external beauty, but rewards the traveller for a tedious ascent of 500 steps, by an extensive view, which includes the neighbouring cities of Imola, Ferrara, and Modena. The tower of the Garisendi or Garissuidi, is immortalized by Dante's simile, who compares it to the stooping Giant Antæus; its height is 140 or 150 feet, and it deviates 7 or 8 feet from the perpendicular. The woodwork and masonry incline from the horizon, which fact strongly corroborates the opinion of Montfaucon, the Antiquary, of the correctness of which there can hardly be a doubt; he says its inclination was "caused by the slipping of the earth; some went to ruin when it slipped, as the ground on the inclined side was not so firm, which may be said of the other towers that lean; that for the bells of St. Mary Zibenica, at Venice, leans, and at Ravenna, and between Ferrara and Venice, and in other places, numerous instances may be found." Of the leaning towers of Italy, this tower is second only to that of Pisa (of which we shall speak in a future number), in the greatness of its deviation from the perpendicular, but is inferior in this point, to that of Caerphilly Castle, which will also be described in a future number, whilst in height the tower of the Asinelli soars far above all its competitors in Italy and England.

THE DUTCH OF OLD.—When the plenipotentiaries of Albert and Isabella of Spain, were despatched to the Hague in 1607, at a short distance from that town they fell in with groups of uncouthly dressed persons, some of whom were busied with easing their pockets of bread, butter, and cheese, whilst others were slaking their thirst from earthen pitchers. Little did the Spanish envoys dream, that these homely revellers were the identical members of the States General of the United Provinces, with whom they were destined to treat of matters affecting the future destiny of all Europe.

PREACHER'S DEFECTS.—The defects of a preacher are soon spied. Let a preacher be endued with ten virtues, and have but one fault, that one fault will eclipse and darken all his virtues and gifts, so evil is the world in these times. Dr. Justus Jonas hath all the good qualities that a man may have; yet by reason that he only often hummeth and spitteth, therefore the people cannot bear with that good and honest man.—**LUTHER'S Table Talk.**

A MAN'S nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore, let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.—**BACON.**

REMARKABLE EPITAPH.

In the History of London, mention is made of a monument in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, to the memory of Richard Humble, Alderman of London, and his wife and children, who are all represented in a kneeling posture. The date is April 13, 1616. The following lines are inscribed:—

LIKE to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
Ev'n so is MAN, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose decays, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun declines, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and MAN he dies.

MAUNDY THURSDAY, OR SHERE THURSDAY.

MAUNDY THURSDAY is the Thursday before Easter. It is supposed to be derived from the Saxon word *Mand* which afterwards became *Maund*, a name for a basket. Thus Shakspeare says, "a thousand favours from her *maund* she drew;" and Hall, in his *Satires*, speaks of a "*maund* charged with household merchandise;" so also Drayton tells of a "little *maund* being made of osiers small." Thus then, Maundy Thursday, the day before Good Friday, on which the King distributes alms to a certain number of poor persons at Whitehall, is so named from the maunds in which the gifts were contained.

According to annual custom, on Maundy Thursday, the royal donations are distributed at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. In the morning, the Sub-almoner, the Secretary to the Lord High Almoner, and others belonging to the Lord Chamberlain's office, attended by a party of the yeomen of the guard, distribute to as many poor men and poor women, as the King is years old, a quantity of salt fish, consisting of salmon, cod, and herrings, pieces of very fine beef, five loaves of bread, and some ale, to drink the King's health. At three, o'clock, they assemble again, the men on one side of the Chapel, the women on the other. A procession enters of those engaged in the ceremony, consisting of a party of yeomen, one of them carrying a large gold dish on his head, filled with bags, (each containing as many silver pennies as the King is years old,) for the poor people, which is placed in the royal closet. They are followed by the Sub-almoner in his robes, with a sash of fine linen over his shoulder and crossing his waist. He is followed by two boys, two girls, the Secretary, with similar sashes, &c., all carrying large nosegays. The Church evening service is then performed; at the conclusion of which, the silver pennies are distributed, and wollen cloth, linen, shoes and stockings, to the men and women, and a cup of wine to drink the King's health. Anciently, the Kings and Queens of England washed and kissed the feet of as many poor men and women as they were years old, besides bestowing their Maundy on each. This was in imitation of Christ's washing the feet of his disciples. Queen Elizabeth performed this at Greenwich, when she was 39 years old; on which occasion, the feet of 39 poor persons were first washed by the yeomen of the laundry, with warm water and sweet herbs, afterwards by the sub-almoner, and lastly, by the Queen herself; the persons who washed, making each time a cross on the paupers' toes, and kissing them. This ceremony was performed by 39 ladies and gentlemen. Clothes, food, and money were then distributed.

James the Second is said to have been the last monarch who performed this ceremony in person. On the 5th of April, 1731, it being Maundy Thursday, the King being then in his 48th year, there was dispensed at the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, to 48 poor men and women, boiled legs and shoulders of mutton, and small bowls of ale, which is called dinner; after that, large platters of undressed fish, viz., one large old ling, and one large dried cod, twelve red-herrings and twelve white, and four half-quartern loaves. After this, shoes, stockings, linen and woollen clothes were given; likewise, leathern bags, with one, two, three, and four-penny pieces of silver, and shillings, to each about 4*l.* in value. His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York, as Lord High Almoner, performed the annual ceremony of washing the feet of the poor, in the Royal Chapel, Whitehall, as formerly done by the Kings themselves.

This day was also called Shere Thursday, and by corruption, Chare Thursday. Shere Thursday signified, that it was the day on which the Clergy were wont to shere or shear their heads, or get them shorn or shaven, and to clip their beards against Easter day.

Maundy Thursday is no where observed in London, except, as before stated, at the Chapel Royal.

WHEN one was speaking of such a reformation in the Church of England, as in effect would make it no Church at all, the great Lord Bacon said to him; Sir, the subject we talk of, is the eye of England; if there be a speck or two in the eye, we endeavour to take them off; but he were a strange oculist, who would pull out the eye.

MEN do not so much fear to be dead as they fear to die: it is the separation of soul and body, not their condition when separated, which they contemplate with dread. Men either do not think of the state after death at all, or they anticipate happiness; were it otherwise, did they see the consequences of living as they too often do, they would not continue so to live.

THE LAST DAY.

HARK! from the deep of heaven, a trumpet sound
Thunders the dizzy universe around;
From north to south, from east to west it rolls,
A blast that summons all created souls;
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep
The sea has heard it; coiling up with dread,
Myriads of mortals flash from out her bed!
The graves fly open, and, with awful strife,
The dust of ages startles into life!

All who have breathed, or moved, or seen, or felt,
All they around whose cradles kingdoms knelt;
Tyrants and warriors, who were throned in blood;
The great and mean, the glorious and the good,
Are raised from every isle, and land, and tomb
To hear the changeless and eternal doom.

But while the universe is wrapt in fire,
Ere yet the splendid ruin shall expire,
Beneath a canopy of flame behold,
With starry banners at his feet unroll'd,
Earth's Judge: around seraphic minstrels throng,
Breathing o'er golden harps celestial song;
While melodies aerial and sublime
Weave a wild death-dirge o'er departing Time.

Imagination! furl thy wings of fire,
And on Eternity's dread brink expire;
Vain would thy red and raging eye behold
Visions of Immortality unroll'd!
The last, the fiery chaos hath begun,
Quench'd is the moon, and blacken'd is the sun!
The stars have bounded through the airy roar;
Crush'd lie the rocks, and mountains are no more;
The deep unbosom'd, with tremendous gloom
Yawns on the ruin, like creation's tomb!

And, lo! the living harvest of the Earth,
Reap'd from the grave, to share a second birth;
Millions of eyes, with one deep dreadful stare,
Gaze upward through the burning realms of air;
While shapes, and shrouds, and ghastly features gleam
Like lurid snow-flakes in the moonlight beam.

Upon the flaming Earth one farewell glance!
The billows of Eternity advance;
No motion, blast, or breeze, or waking sound!
In fiery slumber glares the world around;
'Tis o'er; from yonder cloven vault of heaven,
Throned on a car by living thunder driven,
Array'd in glory, see, th' Eternal come!
And, while the Universe is still and dumb,
And hell o'ershadow'd with terrific gloom,
To immortal myriads deal the judgment-doom!
Wing'd on the wind, and warbling hymns of love,
Behold! the blessed soar to realms above:
The cursed, with hell uncover'd to their eye,
Shriek—shriek, and vanish in a whirlwind cry!
Creation shudders with sublime dismay,
And in a blazing tempest whirls away!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS.



COLEBY CHURCH, LINCOLNSHIRE.

WE think that our readers will be interested in the specimens of our Parish Churches, which we are enabled occasionally to present to their notice. We can boast of an infinite variety of architecture, and combination of styles. In different parts of the kingdom, we might trace every link of connexion between the walls of rifted oak at Greensted (see vol. i., p. 37,) and the massive and sculptured towers of Lincoln Minster. There is, generally, some point of interest about each of our old churches; some beauty of architecture, a porch, a window, a font, a monument, or, at least, a legend of ancient times, if the relics themselves have passed away. In some portions of the kingdom these beauties have been preserved, and laid up for the delight of future generations in our county histories. Such is the magnificent work on the *Antiquities of Sussex*, recently published by Dr. E. Cartwright. But some of the most beautiful remains in the kingdom are comparatively unknown, and may, perhaps, moulder away and be lost for ever, because no pen or pencil has been employed to immortalize them. We could wish to have some of these brought into notice, to have a *WHITE'S Selborne* in miniature for every parish, recording whatever there is of interest, not only in its ecclesiastical remains, but in its natural history and local circumstances. In general, the expense of printing such notices, even if there are those whose genius and industry lead them to gather together the information, puts it out of the question. But our pages offer a medium to which the labours of the pen and the pencil may be transferred without difficulty; and if they will aid us, we will gladly present our readers, in every corner of the kingdom, with a description of whatever is best worth recording in their own beloved haunts, provided they are calculated to interest general readers.

We will follow up these remarks with some notice of Coleby. This beautiful church is six miles from Lincoln, on the Grantham road. Perhaps the impression which is presented to the mind of the reader from this beginning, is, that it is buried in the Fens, and cannot be visited without some danger of cholera, or, at least, of ague. Be not alarmed, gentle reader. Coleby is situated on a commanding eminence, on the very escarpment of the oolite formation, which runs in an uninterrupted line from the Humber to the coast of Dorsetshire. From this commanding height the eye looks over upon Nottinghamshire and

the valley of the Trent to the west; to the south, it rests on the towers of Belvoir; to the north, on the magnificent minster; to the east, upon the high chalk country, called the Wolds of Lincolnshire; and, following the course of the Witham, is caught by the stately pile of Tattershall Castle, and the lofty tower of Boston, or Boston Stump, as it is familiarly called. So little does Lincolnshire deserve the character given by those who have never visited this county, that, in Dr. Clarke's able book on Climate, it is classed as being, next to Yorkshire, the most healthy part of the kingdom, from the purity of its air and the predominance of high ground. But we were rather to give some account of Coleby than to defend the county from misconstruction. The sketch which we are enabled to give will speak for itself, and the porch and the font will show that it contains very beautiful specimens of the Saxon as well as of the Gothic style. The three lancet windows in the chancel are a singular feature in this church. The rich and beautiful Gothic spire, including the upper part of the tower, with its light pinnacles and flying buttresses, are evidently the work of a later age than the plain Saxon tower which they crown. Indeed, an attentive observer may easily trace the whole outline of the old tower and nave. These may be compared to an unwieldy chrysalis, and the taste of a succeeding generation brought the butterfly to light. The aisles re-



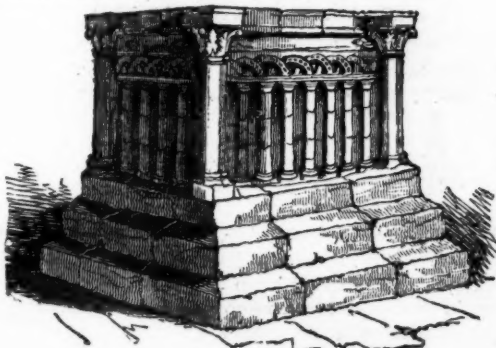
PORCH OF COLEBY CHURCH

present the wings, the pinnacles and spire may stand for the antennæ or horns of the beautiful insect. We regret that we have no accounts of the time, or the different stages of this metamorphosis. An examination of the parish Register, which goes back for near three hundred years, furnishes no memoranda of any interest, except the following:—

“J. Rodgers, of Coleby, was chosen by the inhabitants and householders of the said town, to be their Parish Register; and was sworn before William Lister, Esq. one of the Justices of the Peace for the Parts and Countie of Kesteven, Oct. 30, 1657.”

But even those days of civil strife and trouble, do not seem to have disturbed the peace of this quiet village: there is nothing to mark any breach in the regular routine of baptisms, marriages, and burials, through the whole course of the civil war. If bones and ashes could be taught to speak, we might indeed be able to give a lively interest to our pages by moving tales of still remoter times, for no ground is more full of vestiges of antiquity than some parts of Coleby. They are chiefly Roman remains of which we speak. The famous Ermine-street passes through the parish at no great distance from the village, but it is not on the line of this old Roman road that the most interesting antiquities have been found; but in a large field, near to Coleby Hall, the seat of C. Mainwaring, Esq., spear-heads, and swords, and various ornaments, have been ploughed up in great abundance, as well as large fragments of vases of coarse earthenware, which seem to have contained the ashes of the dead. The great number of these relics which have been discovered, spread over a considerable space, seems to prove that Coleby may once have been a Roman station, an out-post perhaps from their headquarters at Lindum, to keep the rude natives in awe, and preserve the military occupation of the country.

But we are not going to travel into the regions of fancy, though it would be a most interesting vision, if we could catch a glimpse of those times, of the conqueror and the conquest; it is still a matter of deep and sober thankfulness, that we live in days when Christian churches occupy the place of heathen temples, and the sound of the village bell has succeeded to the alarm of the Roman trumpet. Centuries have passed since a foreign enemy has gained a footing in our land: other lands have been trodden under foot by the invader again and again. In our own days, every nation of Europe has been in turn the prey of the spoiler; their villages have been burnt, their cottages plundered, their peasantry the sport of brutal violence: we only have been spared; we have enjoyed our liberties and lived in peace, whilst war has raged around us. May we be thankful for these inestimable blessings to Him who is the author and giver of them; and may we preserve that peace and union amongst ourselves, which the foreign enemy has not been able to disturb.



FONT OF COLEBY CHURCH.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, THE POET.



COWLEY'S HOUSE, AT CHERTSEY.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was the posthumous son of a grocer of London, and was born in the year 1618. He received his education at Westminster School, where he exhibited an extraordinary instance of talent early developed; and we have his own account of a circumstance, which had a material influence in directing the bent of his genius toward poetry. He says, “I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head with such chimes of verses, as have never left ringing there. I remember when I began to read, and to take pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour, I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion, but there was wont to lie Spenser's works. This I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses which I found every where, (though my understanding had little to do with all this,) and, by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old.”

Thus early enamoured of poetry, Cowley may almost be said to have “lisp'd in numbers.” At the age of ten years, he wrote a poem on the subject of Pyramus and Thisbe; at twelve, he wrote *Constantia* and *Philetus*; and these, with other pieces, were actually published, under the title of *Poetical Blossoms*, in his fifteenth year, before he left school. At Cambridge, whither he went in 1636, he wrote some plays, and commenced his *Davideis*, an epic poem on the history of King David. In 1643, when he took his degree of Master of Arts, the civil war was raging between Charles the First and his Parliament, and, on being ejected from Cambridge, Cowley sheltered himself at Oxford, which place was then in possession of the Royalists. Here he recommended himself to the friends of the King, particularly to the accomplished and gallant Lord Falkland. He had also written an elegy on William Hervey, which brought him acquainted with the brother, John Hervey, and by this friend Cowley was recommended to the Earl of St. Alban's, then acting as minister to Queen Henrietta Maria, the consort of Charles the First. When the decline of the Royal cause obliged the Queen, with her court, to retire to France, Cowley became secretary to the Earl of St. Albans, and was particularly employed in ciphering and deciphering the letters that passed between the King and the Queen. In the same service, he also performed some dangerous journeys into Jersey, Scotland, Flanders, Holland, and elsewhere.

In these confidential and honourable employments

he continued for twelve years, and, in 1656, he returned to England with no very fixed occupation or pursuit. He took his degree of Doctor in Medicine, though without any design of practising as a physician, and became one of the original members of the Royal Society. About this time, he also published his poems, in four parts, in folio. In 1660, Charles the Second was restored to his throne; and, as this was a period of highly-raised expectation with the Royalists who had shared the adverse fortune of the king, so it proved to many an occasion of severe disappointment. Cowley, for some time, felt himself neglected, and vented his mortification in a poem, entitled the *Complaint*. But, at length, he obtained, by the interest of the Earl of St. Alban's and the Duke of Buckingham, an income of 300*l.* per annum, derived, it seems, from an advantageous lease of the Queen's lands. This fortune enabled him to attempt the realization of a vision, which had long floated before his fancy. From his earliest days we find him expressing a strong desire for retirement and solitude. His translations of various passages in ancient writers, descriptive of the charms of rural seclusion, show with what fondness he continued to dwell on such ideas. As he advanced in years, he still breathed forth his sighs for privacy and tranquillity, and, at one time, even professed a wish to retire to the plantations of America,—a conceit which Dr. Johnson has made the principal subject of the sixth number of his *Rambler*, wherein he exposes, with his customary force of reasoning, the absurdity of supposing that any local circumstances can exclude vexation, or that happiness is dependent upon any thing else than the temper of mind which each man carries with him, whether into society or into solitude.

In fact, Cowley himself was destined to experience the vanity of his own fond anticipations. He was now at liberty to retire from courts and crowds, and first established himself at Barn Elms; this place, however, disagreed with his health, and he then settled at Chertsey, in the house of which a view is given above; but the happiness, which he fondly imagined to be now within his grasp, mocked his pursuit. It was thus that he writes from Chertsey to his friend, Dr. Spratt, afterwards Bishop of Rochester:—"The first night that I came hither, I caught so great a cold, with a defluxion of rheum, as made me keep my chamber ten days, and, two after, I had such a bruise on my ribs with a fall, that I am yet unable to move, or to turn myself in my bed. This is my personal fortune here to begin with; and, besides, I can get no money from my tenants, and have my meadows eaten up every night by cattle put in by my neighbours. What this signifies, or may come to in time, God knows; if it be ominous, it can end in nothing less than hanging," &c. &c. Mr. Spence, also, as quoted by Dr. Warton, gives a very similar account of the disappointment which Cowley experienced in his expectations of rural peace and rural simplicity. He says, "Cowley seems to have thought that the swains of Surrey had the innocence of those of Sidney's *Arcadia*; but the perverseness and debauchery of his own workmen soon undeceived him." The same writer gives the following account of his death, which occurred in the forty-ninth year of his age, on the 28th of July, 1667, two years only after he had retired to Chertsey.—"His death was occasioned by a singular accident: he paid a visit on foot, with his friend Spratt, to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Chertsey, which they prolonged, and feasted too much, till midnight. On their return home they mistook their way, and were obliged

to pass the whole night exposed under a hedge, when Cowley caught a severe cold, attended with a fever, that terminated in his death." He was buried with much pomp in Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer and Spenser, and a monument was erected to his memory by George, Duke of Buckingham.

Cowley is invariably represented as having possessed the most sweet and amiable disposition. He was also deeply impressed with religious feelings, and is said to have particularly abhorred the abuse of scripture by licentious railery, which he called "not only the meanest kind of wit, but the worst sort of ill manners." In the latter part of his life, he contemplated a work of inquiry into the original principles of the primitive church of Christ; but he did not live to execute it. Indeed, like many others, Cowley appears to have done least when his command of time was the greatest. Of his *Davidis*, which was begun early in life, and was designed to have consisted of twelve books, he completed only four. And the whole history of his latter years, gives a strong confirmation (if confirmation were needed), of the important truths, that leisure is apt to degenerate into listlessness and inactivity; and that the rubs and crosses, from which no condition of human existence is exempt, are only felt the more painfully by him, who, while he possesses the sensitive temperament of genius, does not fortify himself against them by strenuous occupation, and by an active and useful life passed among his fellows.

In his days of industry and exertion, Cowley wrote and published much, both in Latin and in English, and in various kinds of poetry, epic, lyrical, elegiac, and didactic. His genius was of the highest order. With profound and varied learning he combined an extraordinary vigour and fertility of imagination; and he astonishes us with the multiplicity and exuberance, sometimes with the happiness of his images, reminding us not a little, though in a different kind of composition, of his own contemporary, Jeremy Taylor, and, in later days, of Mr. Burke. His misfortune was that he lived in an age of wretched taste in poetry. To Spenser and Shakespeare had succeeded a class of poets, to whom Johnson gives the name of metaphysical, and whose faults he exposes, in his life of Cowley, in a strain of the happiest criticism. Their great defect lay in substituting wit for feeling and nature, and in fancying poetry to consist in subtle, far-fetched, and exaggerated conceits; but for this unhappy perversion of taste, Cowley would have been second to few of our English poets. His prose writings, which were struck off without any effort or affectation, give a pleasing picture of his abilities and of his heart, and justify the well-known lines of Pope:—

Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart.

The house in which Cowley lived at Chertsey, remains, and is still called the Porch House. It was for many years occupied by R. Clark, Esq., Chamberlain of London, who, in honour of the Poet, took much pains to preserve the premises, with the least possible alteration, kept an original portrait of Cowley, and affixed a tablet in front, containing Cowley's Latin Epitaph on himself. Mr. Clark, also, placed a tablet in front of the building, where the porch stood with the following inscription: "The Porch of this House, which projected ten feet into the highway, was, in the year 1792, removed, for the safety and accommodation of the public."

"Here the last accents flow'd from Cowley's tongue."

THE FAMINE AT BOMBAY.

THE effects of the famine which was desolating the neighbouring districts, soon made themselves visible at Bombay, by a very curious and painful sort of reflected, or rather what the opticians would call transmitted, light. We were living on that island in the midst of peace and plenty, while the territories north of us had become a prey to absolute want and the fiercest tumults, accompanied by bloodshed in every variety of shape. As each day broke, the wharfs and roads of our happy spot were lined with crowds of wretched, half-starved objects, who had with difficulty made their escape from the accumulated horrors of their own desolated homes. The whole of the eastern, or land-side of Bombay, was strewn over with the dead and dying natives. I never saw misery on such an extensive scale, either before or since, except, perhaps, in some of the wretched villages of Spain, when the French dragoons had taught the poor inhabitants, at the edge of the sabre, to understand what the evils of war really are, when brought close to their own altars and fire-sides.

What an important service might not that man render to England, who should make the people at large duly aware of the unspeakable advantages they have so long enjoyed in being exempted from the dreadful miseries of actual war, and its ghastly followers, pestilence and famine! How useful and how grateful, but, alas, how hopeless, the task of convincing the great mass of the present and future generations of this country, that almost all the sacrifices we have made in our own time, and are still making, as well as the share which our posterity will be called upon to contribute in theirs, are admirably bestowed in securing the matchless blessings we enjoy, and future ages of our descendants may continue to enjoy, far above all other nations.

I only wish that those people amongst us who doubt the efficacy of our establishments in church and state, in preserving the national strength, and in maintaining the purity of virtuous practice, could see with their own eyes the effects of the absence of such institutions, and thus judge for themselves of their influence on human happiness. I think there might readily be pointed out, to the satisfaction of any reasonable advocate for speculative reform, scenes and circumstances in many countries whose boast, for example, it is, to have no national debt, which would prove, that in consideration of the annual payment of this comparatively trifling rental, as it may well be called, not only we, but all our posterity, are secured in the enjoyment of national and domestic blessings, such as no other country on earth is even in a slight degree acquainted with.

The most striking, and, perhaps, I may add, most affecting circumstance, connected with this glimpse we had of the famine, was the marvellous patience, or what, in other lands, we should have called Christian resignation, of the unfortunate sufferers. I mixed amongst the natives constantly, and saw them exposed to every shade of distress, but never heard a complaint, nor saw a gesture of impatience. And what was still more extraordinary, immense groups of persons, actually dying of hunger, would sit round the fire on which the rice provided for them had been cooked, and there wait, with perfect composure, while the several messes were measured out and distributed to them; a process that often lasted more than an hour, during which their food lay but two or three feet from them, and quite within their grasp. It was curious to observe, also, during

the whole period of this famine, that in several of the squares and other open spaces in the town, immense piles of rice were left exposed, night and day, for weeks together, without any guards, yet not a single bag was ever cut open.

I ought to have mentioned, that subscriptions, to a considerable amount, were made for the support of the starving multitude. And what was particularly interesting, the wealthy natives, the Banyans and Parsees in particular, opened a subscription amongst themselves, and purchased many thousands of bags of rice for the strangers, some weeks, or, at all events, a good many days, before the English residents came forward. This, however, was partly accidental, and partly caused by the natives having a more intimate acquaintance with the pressing nature and the extent of the distress. The two parties soon combined their exertions, and the native and English committees mutually assisted each other in this work of charity. Huge boilers were provided, under a picturesque tope, or grove, of cocoa-nut trees, about half a mile from the fort; and as a Hindoo, in general, will not eat a morsel of food, even to save his life, if it has been dressed by a person of a different caste, care was taken to provide cooks, whose foreheads were marked with the proper streak of red or yellow paint, as the case might require. I myself repeatedly saw natives actually expiring of hunger, who refused the food presented to them, because a doubt existed as to the hands through which it had passed.—CAPT. HALL'S *Voyages and Travels*; Second Series.

REVENGE.—Banish all malignant and revengeful thoughts. A spirit of revenge is the very spirit of the devil; than which nothing makes a man more like him, and nothing can be more opposite to the temper which Christianity was designed to promote. If your revenge be not satisfied, it will give you torment now; if it be, it will give you greater hereafter. None is a greater self-tormentor, than a malicious and revengeful man, who turns the poison of his own temper in upon himself. The Christian precept in this case is, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath;" and this precept, Plutarch tells us, the Pythagoreans practised in a literal sense: "who, if at any time, in a passion, they broke out into opprobrious language, before sunset, gave one another their hands, and with them a discharge from all injuries; and so, with a mutual reconciliation, parted friends."—MASON.

We all complain of the shortness of time, (says Seneca) and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are either spent in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

No words can tell the sorrow,
With which I saw thee falling, day by day;
And, heedless of the morrow,
Yielding thy soul to sin's unholy sway.
Many a lonely hour
Was pass'd in prayer for thee, mistaken one!
To that eternal Power,
Who whispers comfort when the heart feels none.
But I have never utter'd,
To mortal ear the anguish I have known,
The fears, the hopes that flutter'd
Within me, when I thought of thee, my son!
Thanks be to heaven's kindness,
A guiding star has sought thee in thy gloom,
Scatter'd thy mental blindness,
And led thee to thy father's heart and home.
The spells of vice are broken
And virtue wooes thee to her shrine again;
Her love is still unbroken,
Thy heart is free, she cannot woo in vain.

THE MONTH OF APRIL.

APRIL is the fourth month of the year, and has held that station ever since the days of Numa Pompilius; it consists of thirty days, the number originally assigned to it by Romulus. Numa reduced its duration to twenty-nine days; but Julius Cæsar restored it to its original length, which it has ever since retained. This is the only month in the year whose name appears to have been given with any reference to the character of the season in which it occurs. The names of all the other months are derived from Heathen Deities, to whom they were dedicated, from Roman emperors, or as September, October, November, and December, from their situation in the calendar, with reference to the month of March, with which Romulus's year commenced; but the appellation "April," is universally allowed to be derived from the verb *aperire* (to open), and to be allusive to the opening of the young buds, and the general springing forth of fresh vegetation from the opened bosom of the earth, which takes place at this season.

The Romans dedicated April to the goddess Venus, and hence sometimes called it *mensis Veneris*, as well as *Aprilis*. In the ancient Cornish its name, evidently derived from the Romans, was *Eprell*. By the Anglo-Saxons it was denominated *OSTER-MONAT*, *OSTER-MONATH*, and *EASTER-MONATH*, according to some from one of their goddesses, named *Easter*, while others contend that the easterly winds, which were observed to be chiefly prevalent at this period, were the reason of the month being so called.

The air during this month is generally mild and moist, and the weather showery, affording to the young vegetation that supply of water which is so essential to its growth and perfection; whence the old English proverb,—

"March winds and April showers,
Bring forth May flowers."

In the course of this month several birds of passage begin to reappear in England, as the swallow, the cuckoo, and the night-gale; river-fish leave their winter retreats, and again afford sport for the angler; while all the thousand tribes of insects seems springing into new life under our eyes.

Painters have generally represented this month by the figure of a young man, with wings at his shoulders, and a green flowing mantle, adorned with garlands of myrtle and hawthorn, holding violets and primroses in his hands, and either mounted upon, or holding in one hand, a bull, in allusion to the zodiacal sign Taurus, into which the sun enters on the 19th of April.

ANNIVERSARIES.

MONDAY, 1st.

HAS obtained in this country the name of "All Fools' Day," from an ancient, though very absurd custom, which is too well known to need description. The custom, however, silly as it is, prevails throughout Europe, and has even been traced amongst the Hindoos.

1405 *Tamerlane*, or *Timour Khan*, a Tartar prince, and one of the greatest conquerors whose exploits are recorded in history, died in his seventieth year. During his lifetime he subjected Persia, Syria, Palestine, Asia Minor, the Chorasian, Armenia, Egypt, India, and Greece, to his power, and was marching to overrun the Chinese empire, when death put a period to his victories and his cruelties.

1406 *Robert III.*, King of Scotland, died at Rothsay of grief.

1801 The English fleet, under the command of Sir Hyde Parker and Lord Nelson, forced the passage of the Sound.

1810 The marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess Maria Louisa of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Francis II., solemnized at St. Cloud.

TUESDAY, 2nd.

586 The Lombards made an irruption into Italy, and founded the kingdom of Lombardy, which lasted 206 years.

774 *Charlemagne*, after conquering the kingdom of Lombardy, made a triumphal entry into Rome.

1512 The Floridas, which had been originally touched at by Sebastian Cabot, fifteen years before, were rediscovered by Ponce de Leon, a Spanish navigator. The reason of his undertaking the voyage will hardly now be believed; but he actually set out in quest of a country, where there was said to be a fountain, the waters of which had the miraculous property of restoring the aged to youth and vigour.

1791 *Mirabeau*, one of the ablest, and, if not the most blood-thirsty, among the most profligate, leaders of the French Revolution, died in his forty-fourth year.

1801 *Battle of Copenhagen*, the most severe, and the most doubtful, contest in which our navy was engaged during the revolutionary war. The firmness and talents of Lord Nelson, however, secured to us all the fruits of victory. Captains Moss and Riou were killed on this occasion.

1804 H. M. S. *Apollo*, and forty sail of West Indians under her convoy, lost off Cape Mondego, on the coast of Portugal.

WEDNESDAY, 3rd.

1826 Died *Reginald Heber*, the learned, accomplished, and truly exemplary Bishop of Calcutta, falling a sacrifice, at the early age of forty-two, to the fatigues of visiting his immense diocese, and the effects of a climate, which rarely spares an European who has not been injured to it in early life. In 1803 his poem, entitled "PALESTINE," gained the prize of English poetry at Oxford.

THURSDAY, 4th.

MAUNDY THURSDAY, also *St. Ambrose's Day*.—*St. Ambrose* was of noble parentage, and born in the palace of his father at Arles, in Gallia Narbonensis, of which district he was prefect. He studied the civil law, and practised as an advocate in Rome. In A.D. 374, he settled in Milan, where a great contest arising between the orthodox and the Arians, concerning the election of a bishop, on the death of Bishop Auxentius, Ambrose exerted himself with so much eloquence and moderation in appeasing the tumult, that he was unanimously solicited to accept the vacant See, which he filled for

more than twenty years, distinguished equally by the eloquence of his preaching and the piety of his life. *St. Ambrose* died at Milan, April 4, 397. His works are still held in much respect, especially the hymn of "TE DEUM," which he is said to have written on the occasion of the baptism of his great convert, *St. Augustine*.

1581 *Drake*, the celebrated English admiral, having returned from a voyage round the world, the first which had ever been achieved by an Englishman, was honoured by a visit from Queen Elizabeth on board his ship, the *Pelican*, at Deptford. Her Majesty dined on board, and after dinner knighted the distinguished navigator. A chair, made out of the remains of the ship, is still preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

1774 Died *Oliver Goldsmith*, author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, a novel; two poems of great beauty, *The Deserted Village* and *The Traveller*, as well as many other works.

1815 A Volcanic Explosion of the Mountain Tomboro, in the Island of Java, took place, to which all that have been recorded of European volcanoes are mere trifles. Its effects were felt to the distance of 1000 miles all around; clouds of ashes, so dense as to create darkness at noonday, were projected 300 miles from the crater. The darkness continued, more or less, until the 17th of April, and the explosions did not cease before the 15th of July. The whole population of two towns near the mountain was destroyed, to the number of at least 12,000 souls.

1827 *Captain Parry* sailed from the Nore on a voyage, the object of which was, if possible, to reach the North Pole; but, after penetrating as far as 82° 45' North, was obliged to abandon the enterprise and return.

FRIDAY, 5th.

GOOD FRIDAY; a day which, from the earliest records of Christianity, has ever been held as a day of solemn fast, in awful remembrance of the Crucifixion of our blessed Saviour. Our Saxon ancestors called it *LONG FRIDAY*, from the length of the offices and fasting on that day; but its ancient and appropriate title was *HOLY FRIDAY*, by which it is still sometimes distinguished, as the whole of the week in which it occurs is by the name of *Holy or Passion Week*. The custom of eating on this day buns marked with a cross, is a remaining fragment of some of the many superstitious observances of our ancestors connected with this day.

1605 *John Stowe*, the celebrated English antiquarian and chronicler, died, aged eighty.

1753 Parliament voted a sum of £20,000, to be raised by lottery, and applied to the purchase of Sir Hans Sloane's Library and Museum of Natural History, which purchase laid the foundation of the *British Museum*.

1811 Died, aged seventy-six, *Robert Raikes*, the first establisher of Sunday Schools.

SATURDAY, 6th.

1199 *Richard Cœur de Lion*, King of England, died of a wound received from a cross-bow while besieging a small castle in France. It has been remarked, that he met his death by a weapon introduced into warfare by himself, much to the displeasure of the warriors of his time, who said that "heretofore brave men fought hand to hand, but now the bravest and noblest might be brought down by a cowardly knave lurking behind a tree."

1528 Died *Albert Durer*, one of the earliest engravers and painters of the German school.

1590 Died *Sir Francis Walsingham*, one of the ablest and most accomplished of that distinguished body of statesmen whom Queen Elizabeth selected as her ministers and advisers.

1695 Died, aged eighty-nine, *Dr. Richard Busby*, for fifty-five years master of Westminster School; celebrated alike for his great abilities and the severity of his discipline.

SUNDAY, 7th.

EASTER SUNDAY, or *EASTER DAY*.—If Good Friday is kept as a day of solemn fast and humiliation, this is no less one of joy and thanksgiving throughout all Christendom, as being set apart for the commemoration of our Blessed Saviour's Resurrection from the dead. It was anciently called the "Great Day," the "Feast of Feasts," and the "Sunday of Joy." It is the most important in secular transactions of the moveable feasts, inasmuch as the day on which Easter falls regulates all the rest. The first Sunday after the full moon immediately following the 21st of March, is ordained to be kept as Easter Sunday. Easter Day cannot fall earlier than the 22nd of March, nor later than the 25th of April in any year, and hence these two days have obtained the appellation of *Easter Limits*.

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